

The liverie of the warlike Maide appears,  
Pure red, and white, for yet no beard has blest him.  
And in his rowling eyes, sits victory,  
As if she ever ment to correct his valour:  
His Nose stands high, a Character of honour.  
His red lips, after fights, are fit for Ladies.

*Emil.* Must these men die too?

*Per.* When he speakes, his tongue  
Sounds like a Trumpet; All his lyncaments  
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong, and cleane,  
He weares a well-steeld Axe, the staffe of gold,  
His age some five and twenty.

*Mess.* Ther's another,  
A little man, but of a tough soule, seeming  
As great as any: fairer promises  
In such a Body, yet I never look'd on.

*Per.* O, he that's freckle fac'd?

*Mess.* The same my Lord,  
Are they not sweet ones?

*Per.* Yes they are well.

*Mess.* Me thinks,  
Being so few, and well disposd, they show  
Great, and fine art in nature, he's white hair'd,  
Not wanton white, but such a manly colour  
Next to an aborne, tough, and nimble set,  
Which shoves an active soule; his armes are brawny  
Linde with strong sinewes: To the shoulder peece,  
Gently they swell, like women new conceav'd,  
Which speakes him prone to labour, never fainting  
Vnder the waight of Armes; stout harted, still,  
But when he fiers, a Tiger; he's gray eyd,  
Which yeelds compassion where he conquers: sharpe  
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,  
He's swift to make 'em his: He do's no wrongs,  
Nor takes none; he's round fac'd, and when he smiles  
He shoves a Lover, when he frownes, a Souldier:  
About his head he weares the winners oke,  
And in it stucke the favour of his Lady:

His

His age, some six and thirtie. In his hand  
He beares a charging Staffe, embost with silver.

*Thes.* Are they all thus?

*Per.* They are all the sonnages of honour.

*Thes.* Now as I have a soule I long to see 'em,  
Lady you shall see men fight now.

*Hip.* I wish it,

But not the cause my Lord; They would show  
Bravely about the Titles of two Kingdomes;

Tis pittie Love should be so tyrannous:

O my soft harted Sister, what thinke you?

Weepe not, till they weepe blood; Wench it must be.

*Thes.* You have steel'd 'em with your Beautie: honord  
To you I give the Feild; pray order it, (Friend,  
Fitting the persons that must use it.

*Per.* Yes Sir.

*Thes.* Come, Ile goe visit 'em: I cannot stay,  
Their fame has fir'd me so; Till they appeare,  
Good Friend be royall.

*Per.* There shall want no bravery.

*Emilia.* Poore wench goe weepe, for whosoever wins,  
Looses a noble Cosen, for thy sins. *Exeunt.*

Scena 3. *Enter Sailor, Wooer, Doctor.*

*Doct.* Her distraction is more at some time of the Moone,  
Then at other some, is it not?

*Jay.* She is continually in a harmelese distemper, sleepes  
Little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking,  
Dreaming of another world, and a better; and what  
Broken peece of matter so ere she's about, the name  
*Palamon* lardes it, that she farces ev'ry busines

*Enter Daughter.*

Withall, fyts it to every question; Looke where  
Shee comes, you shall perceive her behaviour.

*Daugh.* I have forgot it quite; The burden o'nt, was *downe*  
*A downe a*, and pend by no worse man, then  
*Girardo*, *Emilia's* Schoolemaster; he's as  
Fantastical too, as ever he may goe upon's legs,  
For in the next world will *Dido* see *Palamon*, and

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Then